

## my prince

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## my prince

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### Summary

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### Notes

EDIT 8/28: IM RLLY SORRY IF U GOT AN EMAIL ABT THIS FIC JUST NOW ITS NOT NEW 🙄🙄 i was messing with the collections feature and added it to a hidden collection and then i think whenever i took it out it sent out an email HHHHH im so sorry

“Your highness, I'm not sure this is a good idea.”

George rolls his eyes and shrugs on his coat, buttoning it up with deft fingers. George has been begging his knight, Dream, to accompany him to the village marketplace for the past month. Dream has told him no multiple times, telling him that it's too dangerous for a prince to go out, but George doesn't care. No matter how much he argues, Dream hasn't changed his mind. George has finally decided today that since he's the prince, he can do whatever he wants.

He rolls his eyes at Dream as he tugs on his boots, standing up and turning to face his knight.

"I don't care, I want to go out," he says petulantly, fixing Dream with a hard stare. "I'm the prince, so I have to tell you what to do. We're going to the village."

Dream looks at him exasperatedly.

"Fine," he sighs, giving in. "But it's cold outside, you will need more layers."

Dream picks up George's cloak and wraps it around him, tying the strings at his neck and pulling the hood over his head. George frowns at his knight as he fiddles with the cloak, wrapping it tight around his shoulders.

George wants to complain at how Dream is fussing over him; he has been outside before during the winter, he knows how to dress himself. But as Dream grabs a pair of gloves and gently slides them onto his hands, he bites his tongue. Dream is George's knight, and it's a knight's job to take care of their prince.

"You need layers too, then," George demands.

Dream complies and pulls on his thick coat and gloves, wrapping a white scarf around his neck. George watches Dream patiently as he latches his scabbard around his waist and sheaths his sword inside.

"You're going to get stares while wearing your sword," George points out. "The common people don't wear swords at the marketplace. They will know you're a knight."

Dream looks at him with narrowed eyes. "Do you just expect me to guard you with my bare fists? I need to protect you, my prince."

George's face goes pink when Dream calls him '*my prince*'. It evokes a strange, warm feeling in his gut that he tries to suppress. *His* prince. Dream's prince. Just as much as Dream is George's knight, he is Dream's prince.

George shakes his head to clear his thoughts and turns around to head for the door. Right, the marketplace.

...

Snow is falling lightly when they exit the castle. They walk together, exiting the walls and trekking down the path to the village. George smiles when he turns his head and sees the soft snowflakes begin to dust Dream's hair and eyelashes. He's handsome like this, even if the tip of his nose and both of his cheeks are bright red from the cold.

George pulls his hood over his head a little further when they enter the marketplace. Dream informed him that it's probably for the best if they try to remain inconspicuous, or as inconspicuous as one can get with a knight very obviously guarding their side. But for now, no one seems to be paying them any mind.

The smell is wonderful, with people selling various hot food items for the cold winter day. There's stalls selling clothes, pottery, jewelry, foods, everything. George hasn't been to the market in so long, he has forgotten how lively and busy it is, even on the coldest days in December.

He walks along the cobbled path covered in a light layer of snow, Dream lingering by his side. George hesitantly walks up to one of the stalls and stares at the items being sold.

It's a stall selling all types of handmade jewelry. It's nothing especially fancy, but George didn't

expect it to be. At the castle, there are plenty of necklaces, rings, brooches, and jewels reserved only for the royalty, but George has never really cared for any of it. Despite the sparkle and extravagance of the royal jewelry, it doesn't quite compare to the dedication and love put into these handmade pieces.

George gently picks up a bracelet from the display. It's a thin, silver chain with a single charm in the shape of a star attached to it. He plays with it in his hands, feeling the chain between his fingers and watching the light reflect off the metal.

"Do you like that one?"

George looks up to meet the shopkeeper's eyes. She's an older woman, greying hair and kind eyes, wrapped up in a dark blue cloak.

"It's pretty," George says, his words coming out in puffs of fog as he speaks.

"It makes a good gift for someone special to you," she says with a smile.

George glances up at Dream for a second, who is watching him with an indiscernible expression. His gaze quickly returns to the shopkeeper and he offers her a small smile as he puts the bracelet back where he picked it up.

"Maybe not today," George says apologetically before moving on to the next stall. Dream lingers at the jewelry stall for a second longer before following George, falling in step with him.

They stop at a few more shops and George purchases a pretty cloak, similar to the one he's wearing but with intricate embroidery around the hem. Dream tells him that it's a dark green color, but George can't really tell.

George pulls Dream aside into a less populated area. He takes the cloak and drapes it over Dream's shoulders, pulling the strings together and tying it in a knot at his neck, repeating Dream's actions from earlier in the day when he had put George's cloak on for him.

Dream has a look of surprise on his face as George does this. George pulls the hood over Dream's head, covering his red ears that are flushed from the biting wind.

"You didn't have to buy this for me, your highness," he says breathlessly.

"I wanted to," George says, smiling at him gently. "You look nice."

Dream's cheeks were already flushed from the cold, but George thinks that they get even pinker.

George walks off, leaving Dream flustered. His knight has to jog to catch up with him, his new cloak buffeting in the cold winter wind. They walk together and George has to resist the urge to reach for Dream's hand.

It's simple urges like these that have George's stomach twisted in knots. George is the prince, and Dream is one of the multiple knights that is meant to protect him, nothing more. But George doesn't want multiple knights, the only one he needs to protect him is Dream. George has never seen a knight more dedicated than him; at every opportunity, he is at George's side. George knows he's never going to be hurt if Dream is next to him.

While George is browsing the stalls, Dream suddenly leans down to speak into his ear.

"Your highness, I'll be right back. I won't be long," is all Dream says, and then he's walking off in

the direction they came from.

George stands there confused for a moment. He shrugs it off and instead walks over to one of the shops.

As George is walking over, a hand suddenly darts out of nowhere and grabs at his cloak. He is roughly yanked backwards, the hand that grabbed him throwing him to the ground. He gasps as the breath is knocked out of him and his face hits the cobbled road. It takes him a second to figure out his surroundings. He is in a narrow alleyway, dark and dusty with various crates for goods lying around. It seems like a storage area, but there's no one around.

He groans in pain as the assailant kicks him in the side. What the fuck is happening? Where is Dream?

The hand grabs his cloak once again and hauls him to his feet. George is flipped around and is now face to face with a strange man. He looks dirty and bedraggled, his clothes are ripped in various places and he has a nasty grin on his face. A dagger is suddenly held against George's throat and he lets out a pained noise of surprise.

"You're going to give me all your money, or else this isn't going to be pretty," the man growls.

George is frozen still with fear, breathing heavily and trying to comprehend what is happening. Is he getting mugged?

As George swallows nervously, he can feel the blade of the knife pressing into his throat lightly. His ribs are aching with a sharp pain from where the man kicked him, and he's struggling to even stay upright. With shaky hands, George reaches for the satchel of coins attached to his hip, hesitantly handing it over.

The stranger momentarily brings the dagger away from George's neck so he can open the satchel and look inside. George would try to run, but the man is blocking the exit, and he is still weak from being thrown to the ground violently.

"Oh, you're rich, huh?" He sneers as he digs through the large amount of coins. George can only exhale shakily. The man looks up at him, staring at his face for a second, and then suddenly grabs at George's hood and yanks it down off his head.

"Oh, my. Why hello, prince!" the man says with a wicked smile. He brings the blade back up to run it delicately against George's face, not breaking skin, but threatening to.

"Can't believe they let you out here alone..." he whispers, and George flinches as the tip of the dagger is dragged down his throat lightly. "Say, how much ransom money do you think I could get away with asking for? The royal family *is* rather rich," the man muses.

George can't find the words to speak. He just breathes shakily as the man crowds him against the wall, still holding the knife. He's about to be kidnapped.

Before he realizes it, the strange man lets out a cry of pain and the dagger that was being held at George's throat clatters to the cold ground. George whips his head around and nearly cries in relief when he sees Dream standing at the entrance of the alleyway, his sword drawn and pointed at the man.

"Get the fuck away from him or else I won't hesitate to run my sword straight through you," Dream growls. George can see a fire burning in Dream's eyes as he stalks towards the man, ready to strike at any moment.

The man's eyes widen as he clutches his bleeding arm and takes off in the opposite direction, leaving George slumped against the wall. As soon as the man is completely out of sight, Dream quickly sheaths his sword and rushes over to George.

"I'm so, so sorry, my prince," Dream apologizes, and George can hear the distress in his voice. "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine, Dream," George mumbles.

Dream lifts George's head up so they meet eyes, and he studies George's face like he's making sure that he is completely okay. George can see the emotions on Dream's face—distress, fear, anger.

"My prince, I apologize for having ever left you," Dream says with a shaky breath. "I shouldn't have left you alone."

"I'm okay now, Dream. Can we please go back to the castle?" George asks quietly.

Dream swallows hard and nods, gently taking George's arm and helping him walk out.

...

"Please get a bath ready," Dream orders as soon as they walk in.

The servants and other knights are asking countless questions but Dream shoos them away, leading George to his room. George's side is throbbing in pain with every movement, and his arms and knees ache from catching himself when he was thrown to the ground.

When they reach George's room, Dream begins to undo George's clothes for him.

"You don't have to do this, I can undress myself," George protests, but Dream doesn't pay him any attention. Dream gently pulls his gloves off, unties his cloak, unbuttons his coat, tugs off his boots and socks, and helps George out of his trousers, leaving him in only his underclothes.

"Go get in the bath, the servants have it ready for you," Dream says, ignoring George's comment. George wants to tell him off for giving him orders, but a bath sounds nice.

As he walks into the bathroom, he can see the steam rising off the hot water in the tub. George sheds the rest of his clothes before slowly lowering himself into the warm water. His body is so cold from the winter weather the water feels like it's burning him as he slides deeper into the tub. The warmth feels nice against his aching body.

The bathroom door creaks open and Dream steps inside.

"Do you mind?" He asks quietly, and George shakes his head.

George is confused, though, as Dream walks over and kneels next to the tub. He reaches for the sponge lying on the ground and the small bucket next to it.

Dream fills the bucket with water and says, "tilt your head back."

George does so, and Dream pours the water onto his hair, wetting it thoroughly.

"Dream, you don't have to bathe me. I'm fine, I can do it myself," George mutters.

"Just let me do this for you, my prince," Dream says quietly, and it takes any of the protests

George had right out of his mouth.

George stays silent as Dream takes the bar soap and lathers it up in his hands before gently running his fingers through George's hair and massaging the soap in. George can't deny how nice Dream's fingers feel, gently rubbing his scalp as he washes the dirt from George's hair.

George closes his eyes and relaxes as he lets Dream rinse the soap from his hair, gently tilting his head back and pouring more water over him. It feels intimate. The weird, warm feeling in George's stomach returns.

Dream lathers the sponge with the bar soap and then begins gently scrubbing George's body. He begins with his face, gently washing the dirt from his cheeks, reminders of when he was tossed to the ground. The sponge moves to George's neck, scrubbing thoroughly, like Dream is trying to remove the touch of the man's dagger that was pressed against George's throat. He washes George's chest and back gently, leaving goosebumps everywhere he touches him.

"Why are you doing this?" George whispers, opening his eyes and looking at Dream. George can't make out the expression the knight has on his face.

"Because I care about you," Dream answers.

"My other knights care about me, yet you're the only one who is bathing me."

Dream's eyes flit up to meet his for a second before returning his focus to washing George's body. George winces as the sponge delicately runs along his ribs where the man had kicked him earlier. Dream's eyebrows furrow when he notices the tenderness, and he moves the sponge elsewhere. Dream stays quiet for a moment, continuously washing George even in spots that he has already cleaned.

"I care about you differently than most knights care about you," Dream says quietly.

His words make George's breath hitch in his throat. George looks at him and Dream's eyes meet his once more, but this time they don't leave. The motion of Dream's hand has stopped, and they just look at each other for a moment.

"I think I'm clean now," George says.

"Okay," Dream says, nodding and removing his hand from the tub. "I put some clothes over here, I'll wait for you outside the door."

George waits until Dream shuts the door behind him to remove himself from the tub, his body still a little weak. He towels himself off and puts on the fresh clothes that Dream had left for him.

Dream didn't need to do all this for him. He didn't need to, but he wanted to. He wanted to undo George's clothes for him, wanted to wash his hair, wanted to scrub his body, he wanted to take care of George. He wonders if it's just because he's apologetic for leaving George by himself in the marketplace, but George knows there's more than that.

*I care about you differently than most knights care about you*

George finishes putting on the clean clothes and slowly opens the bathroom door, stepping back into his bedroom.

Dream is waiting for him outside the door, studying something in his hand. He jumps when he notices George next to him, and he clutches his fist tightly.

“Your highness, I have a gift for you,” he says quietly.

George doesn't say anything, just looks up at him expectantly. Dream slowly opens up his hand, revealing something lying in his palm. George looks closely, and he can feel the warmth in his stomach.

It's the pretty, silver bracelet that he had been admiring at the marketplace. George silently picks up the bracelet and stares at it, the star charm glinting in the light of the candles illuminating the room.

“I wish so badly I didn't get it, because then I would have never left your side,” Dream admits. He takes the bracelet from George and gestures for him to hold out his wrist. Dream gently threads the bracelet around his wrist, latching the hook and securing it tightly. Once he has finished, he looks up at George and gives him a small smile.

“Consider it both a gift and an apology.”

“I'll accept it, then,” George says.

It's now dark out, and George is exhausted from everything that happened today. He shuffles over to his bed and crawls under the covers, sinking into the soft mattress. It's a struggle to even keep his eyes open, but he watches as Dream makes his way to exit the room.

“Dream,” George calls out.

“Yes, my prince?” He replies, and it makes George's heart skip a beat.

“Stay with me?” He asks quietly.

“Of course, I'll be on guard outside your door the whole night,” Dream confirms, reaching for the doorknob, but George stops him.

“No, I mean...” he bites his lip nervously. “Stay with me,” George repeats, and Dream looks confused until George gestures to the empty spot on the bed next to him.

“*Oh*,” Dream breathes out. “If that's what you want, my prince.”

George nods quickly, and Dream walks over to his bed and hesitantly slides under the covers next to him. There's an awkward amount of space between them, and George doesn't like it.

“Hold me?” George whispers nearly inaudibly, and he almost thinks that Dream doesn't hear it until a warm arm wraps around his waist and a hand gently tucks George's head into Dream's chest. The weight of the bracelet on his wrist is noticeable as he moves his own arm around Dream's waist. George feels his entire body relax at the embrace.

As long as George has his knight by his side, he will be safe.

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